

\$15 & \$12 SUITS FOR \$7.85

THE INVENTORY SALE of Clothing has as yet depleted our stock, which is still considerable. Rather than carry anything over to next season, we have decided to close out our men's and boys' suits and overcoats at extreme price reductions.

WE HAVE PLACED ALL OF OUR \$15 AND \$12 SUITS Suits on the First Table and offer them now at \$7.85

All of our Overcoats and Boys Suits have been reduced 25 per cent

H. SINAUER
The One Price Clothier.

THERE IS NOTHING

In which delay is so dangerous as in Eye Trouble when you consider that you can get along fairly well without any sense except sight you will understand how important it is to take no chances with it.

My Business is to tell you when you need glasses.
I have the proper means of finding out.

CHAS. WEBER OPTICIAN
AT E. G. LOOMIS' BOOK STORE

PUBLIC SALE!

35 HEAD of Duroc and Poland-China Sows
Will be sold at Public Sale at Vandiver's Barn, Higginsville, Mo., on

MONDAY JANUARY 28, 1907

Having sold my farm, I will sell my entire herd of Duroc sows and nearly all of my Polands. These sows are the cream of my herd, nearly all are bred and safe in pig. They are of the blue ham and straight leg kind. Many of them are tried sows and good mothers. The opportunity for bargains. Come and look them over. Sale at one o'clock sharp.

Terms: Six months time on all sums over \$15.00 with six per cent interest.

H. C. SYDNOR
HIGGINSVILLE, MO.



DON'T BE HYPNOTIZED
by the deceptive appearances of inferior goods. Some Articles of

Furniture

that look attractive are made of unseasoned wood of poor quality and prove to be worthless. Goods of undeniably fine quality can always be had at our store.

Winkler Furniture Co.

Farm Insurance

On Cash, Note, or Installment, Plan 3 and 5 years without interest

F. R. HOWE

Notary Public, Real Estate, Loan & Rentals

HENRY C. WALLACE

Attorney-At-Law.

Lexington

Missouri

Will practice in all courts of the state

Mo. Pac. Time Table

Missouri Pacific—Lexington Branch

EAST-BOUND TRAINS.

	No. 603.	No. 604.
	A. M.	P. M.
L'v. Kansas City	5:40	5:50
Ar. Independence	6:10	5:55
" Wellington	7:20	6:17
" Myrick	7:35	7:30
" Lexington	7:45	7:11
" Higginsville	8:15	7:49
" Concordia	8:42	8:21
" Sedalia	9:50	9:14

WEST-BOUND TRAINS.

	No. 603.	No. 604.
	A. M.	P. M.
L'v. Sedalia	5:35	3:11
Ar. Concordia	6:30	4:25
" Higginsville	6:56	4:53
" Lexington	7:25	5:25
" Myrick	7:35	5:34
" Wellington	7:50	6:00
" Independence	9:05	7:15
" Kansas City	9:35	7:45

Missouri Pacific—J. C. B. & L.

WEST-BOUND.

	No. 31.	No. 32.
	A. M.	P. M.
L'v. Jefferson City	6:20	1:15
Ar. Booneville	7:41	2:37
" Marshall	8:44	3:47
" Waverly	9:37	4:44
" Myrick	10:33	5:13
" Lexington	10:45	5:24
" Wellington	10:54	5:34
" Napoleon	10:54	5:34
" Kansas City	12:05 p. m.	

EAST-BOUND.

	No. 32.	No. 31.
	A. M.	P. M.
L'v. Kansas City	7:00	
Ar. Napoleon	8:20	
" Wellington	8:31	
" Lexington	7:15	
" Myrick	7:50	
" Waverly	8:50	
" Marshall	9:45	
" Booneville	10:52	
" Jefferson City	12:15	

It will be seen that all of these trains run to the Lexington station except the morning train west and the evening train east on the River Division. Buses meet these trains at Myrick.

A. S. LOOMIS, Agent.

ARCTIC OWL STALKED PIGEONS.

Bostonians Watched a Combat on the Old South Church Roof.

An enormous specimen of the genus Bubonbe, with a spread of wings of nearly five feet, industriously stalked pigeons on the roof of the Old South church recently, says the Boston Post.

Like the raven made immortal by Edgar Allan Poe, the great gray owl was probably brought to town by a storm, drifting along in the snow and wind for thousands of miles from the frozen north.

Ex-Cashier F. A. Low of the Suffolk bank was the first to spy the owl. He was seated in room 538, Old South building, when a shadow suddenly darkened the window and the scores of pigeons which have transformed the Old South ridge-pole into a feathered lovers' lane, set up a frightened cooing and flitted away.

"Look quick, fellows!" called the startled banker. "Here's an airship sailing by."

But further investigation transformed the airship. For over an hour the owl remained perched upon one of the chimneys, making a dart now and then for some unwary pigeon, then was driven away by a bombardment of dusters, inkstands, old rubbers, etc., propelled by office boys in the upper stories of the Old South building.

One of the scientists in the Boston Society of Natural History building on Boylston street declared that while there are small gray owls who live in this latitude and longitude, it is a rare occurrence when such a large specimen is seen in this part of the country. He declared it was undoubtedly an arctic owl driven by some storm thousands of miles from its home.

When the bird left the vicinity of the Old South church it proceeded toward the harbor at express train speed and was seen no more.

SOOTHING.



Mr. Munnygrub — "What? More money? You have no idea of the value or scarcity of money. Young man, I work for my—"

Willie Munnygrub—"There, there, dad. Even at that you don't earn your money like I do."

WHAT WAS WRONG WITH HIM.

A Richmond man has in his employ a colored man of advanced age who, by reason of his thrifty habits, had accumulated enough money to defray the cost of his son's tuition at a negro college in Alabama.

When the darky's boy returned to Richmond after the completion of his course he proceeded, much to his parent's disgust, to air his opinions on various subjects in a more or less diffuse style of speech.

One day the old man took him aside and addressed him as follows: "Richard Thompson Jenkins, I've been listenin' to yo' fo' several days, an' it's my opinion dat yo' talk an' talk. Yo' doan reach into de stomach of yo' subject; but yo' jes argufy an' argufy. Yo' doan locate, Richard Thompson Jenkins, yo' doan locate!" — Harper's Weekly.

DOWN ON THE FARM.

Silas Crawford—What has become of your husband, Mrs. Hardapple? Mrs. Hardapple—Why, Hiram has locked himself in the garret and won't be disturbed. He is reading something of the greatest importance.

Silas Crawford—Do tell! President's messages or war rumors?

Mrs. Hardapple—Somethin' more important than that. He's reading his new farmer's almanac from the signs of the zodiac on the first page to the sass'prilla ad on the last page.

BEING HONEST ABOUT IT.

Mother—You say you are really going to marry Mr. Wynner.

Daughter—Yes.

Mother—Why, you said last week that you wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth.

Daughter—I know I did. But I thought then that he wasn't going to propose.

EAT THEIR BREAD STALE.

Hungarians Have No Use for the Fresh Product.

In Hungary they do not eat fresh bread. Whether it is because the Hungarians believe in hygiene more than their American and European brothers and sisters or not has never been told, but the Magyar is partial to stale bread, and the staler the better.

His "rozsenyér," or ordinary black bread, as it is eaten by the very large majority of the Magyar population, is carefully laid away on a shelf and dug out for consumption months and months after it has come out of the great ovens. If the huge loaf, weighing something like five pounds and for which the Hungarian pays six or seven kreutzer, equivalent to about three or four cents in American money, has carefully been hidden away for two years it is considered all the better.

The Hungarian never thinks of where the bread is to come from tomorrow. He thinks of where it is to come from next year, for he has at least a year's supply on the shelves. The Hungarian bakes her bread 305 days ahead of time. Her Wednesday baking is for the Wednesday of a year to come; her Thursday baking for the Thursday of a year to come.

The immigrants arriving in New York from Hungary bring over many of these immense loaves. They are cumbersome affairs and of ripe old age. One may weigh a trifle under five pounds and be so hard that to drop it on your feet would be to smash a toe or two.

A hatcher struck into this loaf is hard to remove, and yet the loaf is considered a great delicacy by the Hungarians, who look upon it with the same pride that the German peasant looks upon his pumpernickel.

CUPID SETS UP A WIRELESS.

A young telegraph operator and a young lady, also a telegraph operator, in Paris, in love with each other, established a system of wireless telegraphy which was carried on with great satisfaction to them for some time. He lived on the Avenue Victor Hugo, she on the Boulevard Edgar Quinet, about three miles away. On his balcony he put up a pole, from which messages were dispatched to the pole on her house. But before long an official stationed at the wireless post on the Eiffel tower perceived this competition with the wireless service of the state, and inspectors some days later arrived at the homes of the lovers and carried away the offending apparatus, with a warning that if the offense were renewed it would entail a heavy fine.

FOILED.



"So you drink to drown your troubles! Well, do you succeed?" "Nope! They all seem ter be expert swimmers!"

HARES AND RABBITS.

Interesting figures on the relative agility of hares and rabbits are given in a recent volume by J. G. Millais. "When running at ease," he says, "the length of the hare's stride is about four feet; but under conditions of fear its leaps extend to ten and 12 feet, while some authors claim that it can jump ten ditches 20 to 25 feet in width. Perpendicularly a hare can jump on to a five-foot wall, but seems to be non-plussed by one of about six feet. The stride of the rabbit is about two feet; when necessary it can make leaps of six or seven feet horizontally. About three feet is the highest that a rabbit can attain to even when helped by the asperities of a stone wall."

POWER OF WEALTH.

"Is he rich enough to run over people in his auto?" "Why, man alive! He's rich enough to run over policemen." — New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SAW CENTURY OF SOCIETY.

Belle of Long Ago Recently Died at Philadelphia.

Not in years has death claimed so remarkable a centenarian as Miss Adeline Thomson, a belle of long ago, who has just passed away in Philadelphia. Miss Thomson was born when Jefferson was president, and she lived to be 103. Punctilious in social conventions to the end—still wearing full evening dress at dinner—she was a picturesque figure from a society which gave tone to American manners long before the day of that "proud old rayjeem," as Mr. Dooley says, "which has ruled the wurruld iv fashion since th' repeal iv th' Sherman act." She was an antique portrait such as Boston, Baltimore and Charleston may still occasionally show, removed from its familiar background of Chippendale and chintz—a Madeira survival in an age of champagne and froth. What a career it was, begun with a girlhood passed under the Dolly Madison traditions and lasting through Nellie Grant to the latest bride at the White House! To have spanned a century of American society while maintaining an alert interest in it to the last was a rare distinction. What a story of fashion's vagaries the old dresses and trunks in her home could tell, from the clinging empire draperies through the voluminous crinoline and the chignon to the sober tailored skirt! Though a good American, the sister of a senator and a rear admiral, Miss Thomson swore allegiance to Victoria and Eugenie in turn and to the princess who succeeds them as ruler of the world of modes. She danced with beau resplendent in ruffled shirts and satin "smalls," and again with fastidious gentlemen arrayed in blue swallow tails and white waistcoats, and in her later years with partners in conventional black. Yet she remained heart whole and unweid. But what an aunt she must have been to three generations of debutantes!

THE JUDGE UNDERSTOOD.

The late Judge Pettengill of the Malden (Mass.) district court concealed under an apparently stern exterior a kind heart, and nothing touched him so quickly as an unintentional witticism, especially if it were at the expense of the court.

One day a prisoner arraigned before him for drunkenness, and still under the influence of liquor, pleaded as hard as he could to be placed on probation.

"Why should I place you on probation?" said the judge, sternly.

"Why, you're drunk now."

"No, I'm not, your honor," said the poor prisoner, earnestly; "I'm as sober as a judge."

He was placed on probation.

BUTTONED UP HIS DOG.

It is always a good plan to take some old blankets for the dogs on a winter camping trip, says a writer in the Travel Magazine. Most of them will allow you to cover them up, and it is much pleasanter to feel them sleeping comfortably by your feet than to know that they are shaking with the cold which cuts through their short hair like a knife.

Every night for a week once I buttoned one of the best dogs that I ever hunted with into my coat, and after wisely watching the operation, he would tuck his nose contentedly inside and hie away to the land of dreams, where rabbits are thicker and hunters better shots.

ENJOYS THE HOPS.

Dr. Cabot, at one time connected with the surgical staff of the Massachusetts General hospital, always had a ready fund of wit to use in cases of emergency.

Several years ago a brakeman was brought into the hospital in a bad condition, the result of an accident on the railroad. After a day or two it was decided to amputate one of the man's legs at the knee.

"Well," said the patient, with resignation, "I suppose I can't take in the dances any more."

"Hardly," replied the doctor, "but what's to prevent you enjoying the hops?"

LESSER OF TWO EVILS.

The Professor's Wife—Bobby has been very naughty, my dear, and you must whip him at once.

The Professor (wearily)—Must it be done?

"Yes; I gave him his choice—getting whipped or going to hear your lecture."

THE ALTON'S TRAVEL TIPS

DENVER, COLO.

Protective Order of E. ka. On sale Jan. 10 and 15 inclusive. Return limit Oct. 31, 1906.

SUMMER TOURIST RATES
on sale June 1 to Sept. 30, 1906.
Return limit Oct. 31, 1906.

DISCOUNT EXCURSIONS

Special low rates to the Southwest and West. Liberal return limits and stop-over privileges.

For further information regarding above excursions call on or address

S. A. VERMILLION,
Ticket Agent Chicago & Alton Railroad, Higginsville, Mo.

Sunday Excursions via the "Alton."

Every Sunday, at the following low rates:

To Kansas City round trip rate \$1.50. Going, leave Higginsville 8:33 a. m., returning, arrive at Higginsville 8:55 p. m.

To Independence round trip rate \$1.35. Going, leave Higginsville 8:33 a. m., returning, arrive at Higginsville 8:55 p. m.

To Oak Grove round trip rate .75. Going, leave Higginsville 8:33 a. m., returning, arrive at Higginsville 8:55 p. m.

To Odessa round trip rate .45. Going, leave Higginsville 8:33 a. m., returning, arrive at Higginsville 8:55 p. m.

To Alma round trip rate .30. Going, leave Higginsville 10:21 a. m., returning, arrive at Higginsville 4:43 p. m.

To Blackburn round trip rate .40. Going, leave Higginsville 10:21 a. m., returning, arrive at Higginsville 4:43 p. m.

To Marshall round trip rate .90. Going, leave Higginsville 10:21 a. m., returning, arrive at Higginsville 4:43 p. m.

To Slater round trip rate \$1.20. Going, leave Higginsville 10:21 a. m., returning, arrive at Higginsville 4:43 p. m.

Correspondingly low rates to intermediate stations. Visit Kansas City or spend a quiet day in the country—The "ONLY WAY" for an outing.

S. A. VERMILLION,
Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, Higginsville, Mo.

Farms For Sale.

Having more land than I can conveniently look after outside of this state, I will sell one or two of my farms in Lafayette county, well located for schools and churches, 3 of said farms near Dover and two near Higginsville, ranging in size from 150 to 200 acres each. Will sell at \$10 per acre less than my neighbors with no better soil.

RYLAND T. HUNTER,
Lexington, Mo.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred White Poland turkeys. Hens, \$2.00. Gobblers, \$3.50. JAMES W. MOORE, R. F. D. No. 4, Higginsville, Mo.

FOR SALE—One pair 1,400 pound mares, one 1,100 pound mare; a 3½ studebaker wagon, one set double harness, top buggy and single harness. Located at 613 Chestnut camp near the opera house.

FR SALE—A choice lot of Plymouth Rock Cockerels and a few boars. H. C. Sydnor, Higginsville, Mo.

The Farmer and Stockman, of Kansas City, Mo., is an agricultural weekly of the highest class, edited by actual farmers, who live upon and operate their own farms and are able to put to the test of experience all the theories discussed in its columns. The Farmer and Stockman has departments devoted to horticulture, poultry, dairying, sheep, veterinary, laws affecting the farmer, the household, Sunday school and every interest of the western farmer; and its editorials cover every question regarding soils, seeds, machinery, methods of cultivation, breeding and care of live stock, etc., in which the farmers of this section are interested. The Farmer and Stockman's contributors include the ablest and most successful of farmers, breeders and experiment station workers in the middle West. If you are a Farmer and Stockman reader, you cannot fail to be up to date on all farm questions; and "Farm Furrows," "Hints, Devices, Suggestions, etc." and other valuable features, are an unfailing source of entertainment and instruction. The Farmer and Stockman is \$1 a year to subscribers, and subscriptions either singly or in combination with this paper, are taken at office. With this paper \$1.50 year for both.